

BOSTON, MAY 24, 1879.

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## SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

"She was the daughter of a soda-burner who lived across the Tiber, near St. Cecilia. A small house is still shown, which is said to have been her birthplace. Formerly a garden was attached to this, in which the lovely girl was often to be seen. Her beauty, therefore, was soon talked about, — and Rafael also was attracted by her fame and seized by such passionate love that he had no peace till he could call her his own, and would no longer live without her." — *Passarant*.

THEY rode in silence for a time. The woods, Bright in the fresh young green of early spring, E'en now far in beneath the aged trees, That thickly interlaced their spreading boughs, Grew dusky with the falling eve, save where The stems divided, or a timid sapling, Its trembling leaves stirred by each passing breath, Made room for light and air; while far and near The setting sun scattered his golden shafts, — Among the gnarled, brown oaks, whose swelling buds, Big with new life, must burst to flower ere long; And on the towering, melancholy pines, That rest unchanged through all the fitful year, Save for the brighter tips that in the springtime Light their dark crowns as with a sombre smile; On the grave olives, with their pallid leaves; And on the virgin willows, modestly, Yet with a tender grace ineffable. Wearing their bridal veil of delicate green, Whose drooping ends kissed the glad earth. And here The mellow sunbeams, wandering onward, found, Close nestling at the foot of some great trunk, Or in the shelter of a moss-grown rock, Young, tiny ferns, unrolling cautiously Their furry, silvered cups, dark violets In fragrant, purple clusters, or a knot Of yellow crocus cups, or, spread far out Like a dim, pale-blue mist, a starry bank Of small forget-me-nots. Loving and long, As with a fond caress, and loath to go, Lingered and dwelled the late mild light upon These sweetest of Spring's children, that so humbly Herald the gorgeous Summer's pride and pomp. And where it fell the woods all flashed and flamed With glittering drops, sole marks of the fierce shower Which scarce an hour ago had swept the land, And left these after him, that quivering hung From tree and bush and flower. None spoke, while all Drank in the freshness of the odorous air, But when perchance some overhanging branch, Some trailing vine, brushed mantle, plume, or face, And showered its weight of drops down over him Who passed below it. Then a short exclaim, A jesting word, or railing laughter, broke From him and his companions. All around The forest, too, seemed hushed, and slowly folding His green wings for the night; their horses' hoofs Fell noiseless on the carpet of soft moss, Save when they crushed a rustling last year's leaf, Or a brown, crackling twig. And but for this, And the low gurgle of an unseen brook, And the faint, long-drawn notes of some lone bird, Who far away upon some lofty branch Sang his sweet chant to the departing sun, — No sound fell on the stillness.

Thus they rode, A merry company of gay young friends,

Whose lips were scarcely wont to rest long silent, By twos and threes, close as the narrow path Would give them leave. But one among them all Lagged in the rear alone, suffered the reins Loosely to lie upon his horse's neck, Who moved but slowly forward, bending down To sniff the grass and herbs, while his young master Hung idly in the saddle, with his head Bowed on his breast, lost in some dreamy thought, Heedless of brushing vine or showering branch, And all unconscious how from time to time One of the others, turning in his seat, Cast back at him a furtive, smiling glance, And drew his shoulders up.

And so at length They came to where the trunks stood far apart, And the low shrubs more dense, the light poured in With fuller flood, and the dim forest ended, And swiftly now emerged upon a plain That rolled before them far and wide, and broke Into small hills and level valleys, sweet With soft, young, tufted grass and delicate flowers, That dripped with shimmering freshness like the wood, While in the distance, bathed in rosy sheen, The towers and domes of the Eternal City Rose up, a fair, familiar sight.

"Look you," One of the friends said now, and glanced around, "How all the hills, that in the winter time Wear but a sober tint of purple brown, Have taken on their bright green summer robe E'en now, so early in the year!"

"Ay, like Some fair, vain woman!" cried another gayly, "Who cannot oft and swift enough exchange Her most enchanting robes for others new, And more enchanting still!"

And then a third, Pointing to where a rocky height rose up, Crowned by a cloister's stern, gray walls, "See where The pious women of the Hill walk forth, To catch a breath of air! Vespers are done, But still methinks their hands are clasped in prayer, And hark, they chant! Ay, how the golden light Flays o'er their sombre garments and white veils, And seems to cast a moment's gleam of joy Into their barren lives! Well, surely these Have done with worldly pride and vanity!" And when the other laughed and would have answered, A fourth exclaimed, "Who's this that o'er the plain Comes spurring towards us there?"

Shading their eyes, They watched the approaching rider, and then all Cried out in chorus, "Ay, it is the Count! I know him by his waving yellow plumes, And his long mantle! Look you! how the clasp Flashes upon his breast!"

A moment more, And he was close to them and checked his horse, Received with noisy greetings and loud cries Of "Well met, Count!" and "Welcome, Baldassar!" "What brings you here so late?" "A thousand pities You were not with us first; you cannot know All you have missed!" "Ay, what a precious gem, A pearl of rarest lustre, we found hid Deep in the woods!"

The other smiled. "Good friends, I am rejoiced to find you, and perceive That the great shower washed none of you away! But where's my Sanzio? Ah, I see him there, Wrapped in deep meditation, it appears!" Glancing at him who, fallen far behind, Unconscious still of all that passed, marked not That a new-comer joined the rest, nor heard The babble of the merry tongues, now wholly Loosed from the unwanted spell of silence. "Well, Let's halt till he comes up!"

The horses stood And, with their heads together, curiously Gazed each upon the other with great eyes, Or mildly snuffed his neighbor's outstretched nose. "But pray where found you shelter from the storm? And what is this I've missed, — that precious gem Found in the woods?" asked Baldassar again, Of the friend next him. "Oh, all that," cried he, "Hangs by the self-same thread! The stealthy storm Surprised us in the woods and scarce gave warning. The daylight turned to sudden night, — a flash, A clap of thunder, and the first great drops, — It seemed but one brief moment. We, dismayed, Scattered in haste, rode aimless here and there, In quest of rock or tree to shelter us, And so came to a clearing and a house Just on the forest's edge, and well content Dismounted, drew the horses' necks a shed, And knocked upon the door. By all the Saints, I tell you when 't was opened, Baldassar, We well-nigh all of us, just as we stood, On the wet ground, beneath the streaming rain, Had dropped upon our knees! A fairer vision, A face and form, a brow and lip and eye, Of rarer grace, your sight ne'er lit upon,

Than in the sweetest maid, who bade us there Enter and welcome!"

"Every one of us, Lost instantly his stricken heart to her!" Another cried. And yet another, "Ay, Bold Cupid stood upon her shapely shoulders, Sat in her eyes, — what though 't is true enough, They were cast down with blushing modesty! — And nestled in the ringlets of her hair, Plying his deadly trade, — let fly his shafts In all directions, swift and merciless, Till none escaped unscathed!"

"But yet you bear Your wounds with much heroic fortitude!" Said Baldassar, smiling, and the one Who first had spoken, "Ay, but there is one In whom methinks the rankling dart sits deep!" Nodding towards Sanzio.

"Nay, Giovanni, hush!" The other cried, in earnest, lowered tones, "I know those dreamy moods full well in him, And ever stand aside in reverent awe! Who knows what vision of immortal beauty, What heavenly fair Madonna, or sweet Saint, To grow to shape beneath his cunning hand, And keep his memory green from age to age, Rises e'en now within his spirit's eye! Let us not rudely jar or break those dreams, Lest we might prove us robbers, in advance, Of the world's proudest treasures!"

"Oh no, no!" Giovanni said, and laughed, yet sank his voice, — "Good Baldassar, have no fear! I swear 'T is but a very earthly little Saint, Who this time holds his heart and senses bound!" "And pray who is she? what her name and state?" "I know not. It appears they live with folks, — She and a grandam whom she calls but mother, — Who like a thousand others till the soil. But these two of far finer stuff are made Than other common peasants, and we heard Her name is Benedetta."

It might be That word had roused him as it reached his ear, For Sanzio raised his head and gazed around With a deep, long-drawn sigh, and then at last, But with a kindling eye, saw Baldassar, And suddenly seizing on his idle reins Rode swiftly up, and with a grave, sweet smile, Reached out his hand.

They turned their horses' heads, And all together now, at swifter pace, Moved towards the city, while the waning light Fast faded from the purpling hills: the Count With Sanzio first, the others following close, Discoursing endlessly of this and that. But ever in the midst of friendly converse, Sanzio from time to time slid back again To sudden thoughtful silence for a space, And his companion, smiling to himself, Would check his ready flow of speech, suspend A phrase half finished, unperceived by him, And patiently delay till he looked up, Ere he concluded.

Thus they rode ere long In at the gates, and clattered through the streets, Where the gray shadows of swift-falling eve Lay gathered, and the mellow twilight hung But with a last, faint, rosy flush, high up 'Mid topmost spires and windows.

At the door Of Sanzio's stately mansion, they cried down A gay good-night to him, as he alighted, And then with laughing words and loud farewells, And promises to meet again, dispersed, Each hastening on his separate way alone.

(To be continued.)

## GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

## A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Concluded from page 75.)

THE total loss of the letters written by Chopin from Paris to his relations and friends in Poland was an irreparable one for any biographer, not only on account of all they must have contained in reference to the many historical and artistic celebrities with whom he came in contact at that period, but still more for the sake of the clearer light they would have shed on his own life and state of mind at the time, though he might have

but half revealed this in his correspondence. It was difficult to induce one so profound and serious to converse on the subject of love or friendship; questions having such a bearing were always parried with amiable satire or refined badinage. The letters given in that part of Karasowski's biography which treats of Chopin's early youth are as charming — though in a different manner — as those of Mendelssohn, who scarcely excelled Chopin in social accomplishments and literary cultivation. All the information given by Karasowski respecting the first twenty years of Chopin's life — of many details of which we were ignorant — is valuable and interesting; but this biographer, possibly unable to take the steps necessary to obtain a fuller knowledge of Chopin's life in Paris, and apparently influenced by his own prejudices, and not altogether unreasonably so by the regrets and opinions of Chopin's relations, endeavors to persuade us that the composer's early death was in a great measure owing to the disenchantment of his Parisian experience. But, though not all those "whom the gods love die young," Chopin seems to have been one of those who are fated to do so. His sister Emilie died of consumption in early youth; from this fact we may suppose that disease to have been hereditary in the family. In French journals of that time, Chopin's death was attributed to a combination of asthma and consumption. He told Fétis, who knew him well, that he was of so delicate a constitution in childhood that he merely vegetated for several years. The servants of the Chopin family in Poland said that Frédéric's "mind was sick;" though chiefly on account of his excessive love of study, and his unhealthy habit of rising in the middle of the night, to improvise at the piano-forte. At the time of the Polish outbreak, his parents forbade him to join the insurrectionists "on account of the delicate state of his health." In 1837, a year before his meeting with George Sand, his first decided attack of disease of the lungs had occurred. Liszt says he was so weak when he went with the Dudevant family to Majorca that no one expected to see him return alive; but in spite of that rainy winter on the island, his health was so much benefited by the change, and the care he received, that he remained comparatively well for some years afterwards. The air of Majorca, the life and character of the place, were certainly favorable to his mental productivity, since, besides the Preludes, he composed more than a dozen works there; and his best compositions were written during the years following, in the rue Pigale, or the square d'Orléans at Paris, or at Nohant, under the influence of that gentle scenery, and the society of artists and people of distinction who were invited thither by Mme. Sand, among them some of Chopin's old friends, who rejoiced to find his gayety, wit, and geniality as great as they formerly were, in early youth. How inspiring, how poetic was this life, of which Mme. Sand was the guiding spirit, we learn from one or two anecdotes which Karasowski gives us as reported by the relations of Chopin. In further proof of this, and of the kindness and care of the *châtelaine* towards her guests, I translate a few passages from the recently pub-

lished letters of Delacroix, some of which were written from Nohant, where he was visiting, to friends in Paris: "This is a most agreeable place, and nowhere can one find more amiable hosts. When we are not together at breakfast, dinner, billiards, or walking, one is in one's room reading, or lounging on the sofa. Through the open window, looking upon the garden, I hear snatches of Chopin's music, for he practices on his side of the house; it blends with the song of birds and the fragrance of roses. You see I am not to be pitied, yet labor is necessary to add its grain of salt to all this life of ease, which I ought to purchase by a little brain work. . . . My health has greatly improved since I came here. I have grown passionately fond of billiards, in which I take lessons every day. We have delightful conversations on the subjects that please me best, and music by fits and starts; but I must do something, so I am amusing myself with Maurice, the son of the house, and we have undertaken to paint a Saint Anne for the parish church. . . . We expected Balzac; he did not come, and I am not sorry, for his talkativeness would have broken up the harmony of this nonchalance, which lulls me so pleasantly; walking, billiards, a little painting and music, — more than enough to fill one's time! . . . I have many a long tête-à-tête with Chopin; I love him sincerely; he is a man of rare distinction of character, and more than that, the truest artist I ever met. He is one of the small number of people whom I admire and esteem equally. Mme. Sand is at present a sufferer from weak eyes and violent headaches, which she bears with the kindest fortitude, to avoid giving us pain by the knowledge of hers. The recent event has been a ball given on the lawn of the *château* to the peasants of the neighborhood, accompanied by the best *cornemuse* players in the country. The type of these country people is gentle and good-natured; though real beauty is uncommon, ugliness is rare among them. The women have much of that soft expression often met with in pictures by the old masters. They are all Saint Annes."

After the inroads of disease began to tell continuously on Chopin's mind as well as on his physical well-being, and especially after his father's death, he became not unfrequently the victim of fantastic hallucinations; like Hamlet, he imagined himself haunted by his father's ghost. Yet this excess of gloomy imaginativeness should not be attributed to the jealousy, disappointment, or regrets of this period of his life, as it always characterized him. As early as his twentieth year he wrote to his friend Titus Woyciechowski: "How often I take day for night, and night for day! How much time I lose in dreams and reveries! and instead of gaining strength from this stupefaction, I am tormented by it. . . . My heart always beats in syncopation, so to speak. . . . When shall we meet again? Perhaps never; for, seriously, my health is miserable. I appear gay, especially when with my own relations; but my deepest feelings are troubled by sad presentiments, unrest, bad dreams, sleeplessness, indifference, desire for death, and then desire for life. Sometimes it seems as though my spirit had congealed, and then I feel a heavenly repose

within my heart; and then again I behold pictures from which I cannot tear my imagination, and which pain me to excess. It is an indescribable mingling of sensations. . . . Should I leave Warsaw, I fear it would be never to return. I feel convinced that I should then bid farewell to home forever. Oh, how painful it must be to die elsewhere than in the spot where we were born! How it would grieve me to see around my bed of death only an indifferent physician and a hired servant, instead of the faces of those who are near and dear!"

In a letter written in 1831 to his master, Elsner, Chopin gave very practical, honorable, and noble reasons for his determination to become at first a pianist rather than a composer by profession, intending, however, to make the former only an eventual stepping-stone to the higher calling, and never meaning to lose sight of his aim "to create a new era in the history of art." How far has he — who remained true to the dreams of his youth as much as was humanly possible — fulfilled his aim? Strictly speaking, he has *not* created "a new era," even in his own branch of composition. But his works constitute a remarkable, original, and unique *episode* in art history; one too poetic and rife with lovely suggestiveness ever to be lost sight of; one as significant, in the development of musical art, as to his own artistic development was that episode in which, he said, his "whole life" was contained, and which has formed the subject of this study.

[My readers will observe that I have occasionally quoted from the first edition of Karasowski's biography of Chopin; the second edition has recently appeared, announced by its author as "completely revised, with additional letters." I shall consult this, hoping to find in it some fuller record of Chopin's life in Paris, before arranging the above study for separate publication. — F. R. R.]

#### ERNST FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

BY F. J. SAWYER, B. MUS.

MANY a musician throughout Europe and America will hear, with deep regret, of the death, on the 9th of this month, of Professor Ernst Friedrich Richter. I doubt if there ever was a master so universally beloved and respected as "dear old Papa Richter," as he was often called. Those who have studied under him — who remember his pleasant and cheerful way, yet strict and thorough method, — his kind word for the persevering, his disgust and dislike of the conceited and lazy, the high standard of art to which he pointed them, will deeply regret the news of his death. He was such a master as one rarely finds, so wise and kind, and yet so thorough. Would we could point to many like him, but we cannot. To say his fame was universal would be fully true. His excellent book on Harmony, after passing through twelve editions in his own country, has appeared in America, translated by John P. Morgan, in Russia translated by another pupil of the old cantor, and also in England by Franklin Taylor, a translation in no way equal to the original.

Ernst Friedrich Edward Richter was born near Zittau, October 24, 1808, and was, therefore, in his seventy-first year. His father was schoolmaster at Gross-Schönau, a man of good repute and position. His son received from him his first instruction, going after-



wards to the Gymnasium (college) at Zittau. Here he found in the school choir an opening for his musical talents, which had already developed themselves, and, working studiously at composition, he soon became conductor of the choir and obtained for it much applause at its sacred and secular performances. Once more he moved, this time to Leipzig, where he entered the university, and attended the usual course of philosophy and theology, but also working on at his music under Weinlich, who was then occupying the post of cantor to the Thomas School. During this time he founded and conducted the Zittauer Gesangverein, and on the death of Pohlenz was elected to the direction of the Singakademie. When, through the energy of Felix Mendelssohn, the Leipzig Conservatorium came into existence, Richter was chosen with Moritz Hauptmann as Professor of Harmony. But what a galaxy of talent was then on the staff of Europe's greatest music school! Mendelssohn, Robert and Clara Schumann, Ferdinand David, Hauptmann, and Richter! It is truly no wonder that, with such an impetus as this start gave, the Leipzig Conservatorium has ever been the foremost amongst our European musical institutes.

Here it was that Richter was thrown into contact with Mendelssohn, and to this we owe the production of the excellent treatises on Harmony, Counterpoint, and Fugue, which have since appeared. For Mendelssohn, with that quick perception of another's powers, had urged on his colleague the writing of a work which would serve as the textbook for the Conservatorium. Richter, however, with that large amount of self-criticism which he possessed, worked long at his book, and so not before 1853 did the long-expected "Treatise on Harmony" appear. Two years previously he had been appointed organist of the church of St. Peter, and in 1862, together with this post, organist to the New Church, and also a little after to the Nicolai Kirche. On the 3d January, 1868, Moritz Hauptmann died, and Richter was unanimously chosen to succeed to the post of cantor of the Thomas School, he being the eighth who had held the place since it was filled by John Sebastian Bach (the exact line of succession being Bach, Harrer, Doles, Hiller, Müller, Schicht, Weinlich, Hauptmann, and Richter). To this post no one could have been better fitted. His early scholastic training, his keen practical methods, rendered him in every way peculiarly adapted to the work, and thus under his careful supervision a steady reformation began. The "Kirchenmusik" (orchestral productions at the Sunday services from Easter to Trinity) were reintroduced, and motets were learnt and old ones re-studied (Redner). From the 13th October, 1868, he steadily worked on with his choir until their singing became noted throughout the whole of Germany.

But the Conservatorium ever remained the centre of his work, and from thence he has sent out, to fill the best musical positions in all parts of the globe, pupils who will long live as bright examples of his excellent teaching. His mild and gentle spirit seemed always to try to find the best side of everything. Only once can I remember him put

out, and that was over Verdi's Requiem, a work the music of which is so vastly different from the masses of either Mozart, Cherubini, or Brahms, that it might well arouse a purist of Richter's type. When his criticism was to be obtained it was always keenly true. Once he was asked what he thought of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." He replied, "Lieber Herr —, I will only say, I don't think Rossini understood Latin," — a criticism as mild as it was accurate.

His compositions include psalms for chorus and orchestra, motets, two masses, a "Stabat Mater" (voices only), part songs, string quartets and sonatas, and also pieces for organ and for piano. But it is his treatise on the theory of music that will keep Professor Richter's name from oblivion. As already mentioned, two English editions have appeared: one in London (printed without Richter's leave, by the way) by Mr. Franklin Taylor, which must by no means be accepted as a translation, but merely as a very moderate adaptation; the other, unfortunately little known in this country, printed with Richter's consent by John P. Morgan, in New York. The latter translation is most carefully done, and forms a strong contrast to the English edition.<sup>1</sup> On last Good Friday, the 150th anniversary of the first production of Bach's "Matthew Passion," the dear old cantor and beloved professor was laid to his last rest, accompanied to his grave by the solemn sound of the beautiful choral, "Jesu, meine Zuversicht." More hearty regret has rarely filled the hearts of those standing round a musician's grave. Once more the voices of his choir arose in Bach's beautiful melody to "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden," and then with a last look at his coffin the crowd dispersed. But though gone to his last rest, the memory of many of us will long cherish, as one of the truest artists, most thorough musicians and excellent teachers, that we have ever met, the name of Ernst Friedrich Richter. — *London Mus. Standard, April 26.*

#### THE ZERRAHN TESTIMONIAL: BOSTON, MAY 2, 1879.

\* THAT evening's performance of the Oratorio of "Elijah" by the Handel and Haydn Society, in the Music Hall, marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the engagement of Mr. Carl Zerrahn as conductor, a position he has held with honor and marked ability uninterruptedly during the entire period. Before the performance, the society, as usual, assembled in Bumstead Hall, where the esteemed beneficiary was presented with a beautiful gold medal and full scores of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "St. Paul," and "The Hymn of Praise," the medal from the gentlemen of the chorus, and the scores from the ladies. The presentation speech, made by President C. C. Perkins, was as follows: —

Mr. Carl Zerrahn, I am requested by the ladies and gentlemen members of the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society in their name to convey to you, who have been for so many years their ever zealous conductor, certain presents in token of their sense of the unflinching ardor with which you have discharged the duties of your office, and in recognition of the important services which you have rendered to the society during the last quarter of the century.

They feel that you have enabled them to gain a deeper appreciation of the beauties of the oratorios which they have studied under your direction; that by your conscientious and

judicious criticisms you have taught them to sing the choral works of the great composers in a manner which has not only maintained, but greatly increased, the reputation of the society of which they are members. Their gratitude to you is in proportion to their pride in the position which it holds among the musical societies of America, to their deep and lasting affection for it, and their earnest wishes for its prosperity and improvement.

As the work in which the Handel and Haydn Society is engaged is the efficient production of oratorios of the great composers, and as the way in which this work has been accomplished owes much of its excellence to you, the lady members of the chorus thought it not inappropriate to offer you, in testimonial of their high regard, the orchestral scores of some of the oratorios which they have performed under your conductorship; and as you yourself saw fit to select the "Elijah" for performance this evening, you have charged me with the agreeable duty of presenting to you the various scores written by the composer of that great work, which was performed in the Music Hall under your direction in 1854, when you first assumed the baton, and will be given to-night in honor of the completion of your twenty-fifth season as conductor. Considering it desirable that you should also carry away with you, in memory of this notable occasion, a gift over which, by reason of its material, time can have but little power, the gentlemen members of the chorus have directed me to offer you on their behalf a gold medal, bearing on its obverse the device of the Handel and Haydn Society, and on its reverse an inscription setting forth the date and the circumstances of its presentation.

While offering you these presents, I feel that I am but expressing the feeling of the donors when I say that they hope that your future career may be as honorable and useful as that which reflects so much credit upon your past life, and that you may long maintain your connection with a society which owes you so much, and would fain owe you more.

Mr. Zerrahn, in reply, spoke as follows: —

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Mr. President, let me say that I feel on this occasion a great deal more than I can express. Even had I designed to prepare anything to say, my head has been for the past two days in a perfect whirlpool. I thank you for your kindness to me, and for the testimonials of your regard, but I can hardly express myself as I would. There is one thing, however, I can say. If the government of your society never had paid me a dollar, if I never had received any testimonial at your hands, and if this concert never had been given, I should feel that I was richly repaid by the honor of having stood before you for so many years. If I am again chosen to be your conductor, I shall spare no endeavors to continue to merit your approbation.

The medal is very rich and elegant, is oblong in form, and depends from a pin of gold. On the obverse is finely engraved the seal of the society, so familiar to all patrons of the oratorio concerts, inasmuch as it appears on all the programmes; and upon the sides are the years "1854" and "1879," while the name, "Carl Zerrahn," appears upon the cross-bar of the pin. On the reverse is the following inscription: "Presented to Carl Zerrahn by the Handel and Haydn Society on the completion of his twenty-fifth year as their conductor. Boston, May 2, 1879."

The Music Hall was crowded when the chorus entered, and the appearance of Mr. Zerrahn, wearing the insignia of his quarter-century of distinguished service, was the signal for prolonged applause by the society and audience as of one accord. The front of the stage was decorated with flowers in a very tasteful manner. An elaborate floral device, several feet in height, occupied the centre near the conductor's stand. At its summit was a crimson star, and below the inscription, worked in flowers, "1854. C. Z. 1879." A laurel wreath formed a part of this elegant and fragrant ornament, and a wreath of flowers, said to be the offering of Miss Annie Louise Cary, handed up when Mr. Zerrahn first made his appearance, was hung upon the conductor's stand. One of the other tributes received by the beneficiary in the course of the evening was a porcelain horse-shoe, quaintly decorated with flowers — the gift of Mme. Erminia Rudersdorff — transmitted through the hands of Miss Fanny Kellogg. The decorations were painted by the donor.

The rendering of the oratorio was undoubtedly one of the finest, artistically, ever heard here. The chorus sang in their great numbers, "Yet doth the Lord," "Blessed are the men," "Thanks be to God," and "He, watching over Israel," with more than wonted fire, fervency, and effect, and

<sup>1</sup> The excellent translation by J. C. D. Parker (Boston, O. Ditson & Co.) should also be mentioned. — ED.

the Baal choruses were also admirably sung. The striking novelty of the performance was the host of soloists, changing as the oratorio progressed from floor to stage and back again, and relieving each other in relays. All were volunteers, and their names are Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, Mrs. J. R. Ellison, Mrs. Abby Clark Ford, Mrs. Annie L. Fowler, Mrs. J. W. Weston, Miss Sarah C. Fisher, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Helen A. Russell, Mr. J. C. Collins, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, Mr. Clarence E. Hay, Mr. A. C. Ryder, Mrs. C. C. Noyes, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. Agnes Giles Spring, Mrs. Julia Houston-West, Miss Ita Welsh, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. D. M. Babcock, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. John F. Winch, Master William H. Lee. Two others, Messrs. Myron W. Whitney and William J. Winch, took part in the public rehearsal Thursday afternoon. Mr. John F. Winch's singing of the "Elijah" numbers was remarkably rich in expressive feeling, and really moving to the audience, as was evident in the effect made with "It is enough." Miss Emily Winant likewise created a deep impression with her "Oh, rest in the Lord," which was redemanded with one unanimous, strong, and prolonged burst of applause. Her rich and uniform contralto, producing its tones without guttural forcing or subterfuge of any kind, was governed by a very sound and discriminating intelligence as to dramatic sentiment, drawing the line between coldness and "o'erstepping the modesty of nature" with a good taste that appears instinctive. Mrs. Houston-West succeeded well in "Hear ye, Israel," and her recitative towards the close. Mr. Fessenden's delivery of the tenor part was with his well known refinement and tenderness, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie registered the great improvement his voice and style have made since his former appearance in this music. Master W. H. Lee, in the music of "The Youth," displayed the correctness of his training in a very beautiful performance of his brief task. Mrs. H. M. Smith was in fine voice, and sang "The Widow's" music with admirable breadth and warmth and full effect. Miss Ita Welsh and Miss Kellogg were also heard at their best. The concerted numbers were not all equally well done, but "Lift thine eyes" was finely sung by Miss Kellogg, Miss Fisher, and Mrs. Ellison, and another concerted piece, especially well given, was the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," sung by Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Collins, and Mr. Ryder. Altogether, the performance was exceptionally fine, and one to be long remembered.—*Transcript, May 3.*

#### TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.<sup>1</sup>

FROM INSTRUCTIONS BY MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

##### VI.

(1877.) It's a good thing to study with Couture. Anything is good which gives you a start, and makes you want to work. He does certain things admirably. I'm glad that I went to him, and I'm glad that I left him when I did. When you think of Millet—that's different enough. There's more humanity in one of his haycocks than in anything that Couture can do.

I owe a great deal to Thomas Couture; more, in a certain sense, than I do to any one else. But I don't approve of his method. I think it is uncertain and unsatisfactory to put on thin color in that way. His principles are admirable. He has taught people to give their work the true, broad, out-of-door look; and, in that way, has done a great deal of good. Troyon would not have been half the painter that he was, without Couture. You would not recognize his early work:

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

earnest and digging; but hard and dry. It was from Couture and Diaz, and those men, that he learned the things which make people love his work. The critics may as well believe that the artist who painted the *Décadence Romaine* at twenty-one had a few more tools than they are ever likely to know the use of. I want no one ever to think me ungrateful to him. At the same time, I don't paint in his method, and don't want to. Even before I left his atelier I had begun to paint differently. The head of the "Jewess," and that of the Dutchwoman which I painted for the "Fortune-Teller," show that; and he acknowledged it. My way of working, and of teaching too, is utterly different. Why, you can hardly find Couture's name in my little book. Certainly, only one or two things which he told me are quoted there. When did I ever tell you to try to paint like Couture? Or when did I ever give you a receipt for painting at all? It would be unjust to Couture and to me to pretend that I ever held him up in that way.

As for what is called French Art, it's a bad phrase, and I'm sorry that men like John Everett Millais should talk about the "French School," as if it were all one thing. Those men form no school. Some of them have schools of their own, but they are as different as can be. Some of their work I dislike as much as any one can; but they have among them more knowledge of painting than exists in any other country. Even the new Munich School grows out of French ideas, and is not truly German.

I like Duveneck's work; although that sort of painting of stuffs is not my aim in art. There's no use in painting unless you have something to say by it.

Literary critics can't appreciate art, because they don't work at it. It takes as much love to rightly criticize a picture as it does to paint it. Why, Théophile Gautier, one of the best of them, came and told Couture that if he did n't do this and that to his picture he would n't notice it in his review of the Salon. To which Couture replied, "You will be obliged to notice it under penalty of being thought an imbecile!"

What a proposal to make to a painter! Besides, the critics know that people like to see faults pointed out. It is comparatively stupid to admire, when you can so easily join in detraction and slander. Really great work can never be fully appreciated, because only the men who did it can appreciate it. And yet plenty of young fellows write about Michael Angelo's faults! What a privilege it would be for him to hear them!

(To be continued.)

#### A LETTER FROM FLORENCE.

MY DEAR DWIGHT,—There has been what is called, in the grandiose phrase of this region, a "solemn exposition" of some rare art products, the sale of which shall swell the fund for the completion of the Façade of the Duomo.

The grand building itself reached its elevation and finish by successive throes of the religious heart ever since the time of Dante, until

"Love and terror laid the tiles."

But the front, like that of many another Italian cathedral, and notably the San Lorenzo in Florence, has remained incomplete, its rough rubble-work showing more unsightly in contrast to the lace-like marble traceries of Giotto's Bell Tower, that rises beside it into the blue air, and swings over the historic town now, as in the day of Savonarola, a weltering boom of sound.

But the pictures. These are a gift from the

munificent Prince Demidoff, and are at first sight disappointing, as they consist entirely of sketches by modern masters, on some of which Death has set his ineffaceable seal of rarity and increased value.

"What misers are we to the toil,  
What spendthrifts to the name!"

Here is a sketch, by Horace Vernet, of cannoneers in the act of running a piece of ordnance back from an embrasure in order to reload. It has the strain, the fierce, objective, decisive stroke of this great battle painter. There is a flower-piece by Jacquemart, who rivaled Jan Steen, and the best of the old Flemings in presenting by pigments the verisimilitude of liquids in glass. What interested me most was a charcoal landscape, by Th. Rousseau, with its sculptural economy of line,—few strokes and infinite suggestion. In another part of the Accademia is exhibited, simply for the artist's benefit, a new statue in plaster of Cleopatra, where skillful handling, costume, and accessories are, according to the modern Italian method, made to take the place of informing expression; so that we see not the character but only a pert, fantastic metamorphosis of the immortal queen.

Owing to deep snows in the Alps, and extending along the spinal column of the Apennines, the spring has opened late in Florence. The almond, apricot, and peach, which blossom usually in February, did this year "take the winds of March with beauty." On the 18th of that month I saw the first lizard of the spring. The cunning little footed snake had tided over Saint Patrick's Day, and came out fresh on the following morning. He was clinging to the bark of an evergreen oak, his tail so near the color as scarcely to be distinguishable from it, but his back of a spotted, greenish gold. I watched him quietly, when a man came down the walk and stopped beside me. Without turning head I glanced toward the man, then instantly back to the lizard. He was gone! He had vanished in the division of a glance.

Only yesterday, after a heavy rain, the clouds rolled away from Monte Morello, showing his three peaks like billows heaving towards the east, and all crested with snow. An hour after, under the spring sun, not a vestige of white remained upon those summits; but the piled masses of Vallombrosa and the great Carrara crag still outline with snow against the blue this lovely Val d'Arno, gray with olive, green with wheat, and plumed with immemorial pines.

Elve and I were walking one afternoon up that magnificent avenue of pines, cypresses, cedar, and evergreen oak that leads to the old Ducal Palace, when the strange note of a bird in sad undertone drew our attention and stopped our talk. That was a nightingale. Her song came with a throb, as if the bird were all heart, and her heart all music, and the music all melancholy; as if it were the dream and passion and memory of an imprisoned human soul made audible. Her nest is in that cypress.

This avenue is on the way to Galileo's Tower, and Milton may well have trod it when visiting the "Tuscan artist."

Tempel, a short, round German astronomer and enthusiast, has the post of professor at the Observatory of Florence. This is built on a spur of the same eminence where stands the old Tower of Galileo. Tempel is hospitable, cordial, to an inspiring degree, a living proof that

"Spring makes spring in the mind  
When sixty years are told."

He seems by evidence of comparative photographs to have defined certain nebulae better than any other astronomer. His "nature is subdued," or rather elevated "to what it works in,"—he has become a globe! As we left the genial pres-



ence of this companion of the stars, I mused how different was his honored lot from the dungeon of Galileo. The world moves.

I began with an intention of sending you a letter on art, but have done little more than indicate certain aspects of nature. Yet I know you will accept the record in remembrance of a deep saying by Sir Thomas Browne, that "Nature is the art of God." Odo.

FLORENCE, April 24, 1879.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

### CONCERTS.

MR. GEORGE L. OSGOOD'S Concert, at Mechanics' Hall, Wednesday evening, May 7, was one of the most interesting and unique that we have had. Indeed, it was full of most charming matter charmingly interpreted. There was variety, there was freshness, there were choicest songs and choruses without stint, and there was excellent relief of instrumental pieces for the most part new and striking. The only fault that could be found was the great length of the following programme, of which, however, no one wished to lose a single number.

- (1.) Choruses —
  - a. "Benedictus," (1590) . . . *Giorgio Gabrieli.*  
For three chorus, in twelve real parts.
  - b. "Ave Verum," . . . *Mozart.*  
With accompaniment of piano-forte and string quartet.
- (2.) Quartet in B-flat major, Op. 41 . . . *Saint-Saëns.*  
For piano, violin, viola, and 'cello.
- (3.) Song Series, "Frauen-Liebe und Leben," . . . *Schumann.*  
The words by Von Chamisso.
- (4.) Chorus, "May Dew," Op. 95, No. 1 . . . *Rheinberger.*
- (5.) Piano-forte solo — "Benediction de Dieu dans la solitude" . . . *Liszt.*  
From the "Harmonies Poétiques et Réligieuses."
- (6.) Suite of Spring Songs . . . *Franz.*
  - a. "Tis the dark green leaves," Op. 20, No. 5.
  - b. "The moon's to rest declining," Op. 17, No. 2.
  - c. "When the earth from slumber," Op. 22, No. 3.
  - d. "Mid blossom sheen," Op. 14, No. 2.
  - e. "Thro' the wheat and the corn," Op. 33, No. 3.
  - f. "The hills are green," Op. 11, No. 3.
- (7.) Three Characteristic Numbers . . . *Rubinstein.*
  - a. Songs:
    - (1.) "There was a monarch golden."
    - (2.) "As sings the lark."
  - b. Chorus — "The Pine Tree," Op. 39, No. 3.
  - c. First movement of the Trio in B-flat major, Op. 52.  
For piano, violin, and 'cello.
- (8.) Chorus, "Laughing and Crying," . . . *Schubert.*

For the choruses, Mr. Osgood had expressly trained a mixed choir of fifty sweet, fresh, telling voices, and their execution was remarkably effective and refined. The *Benedictus* by Gabrieli, composed four years before the death of Palestrina, proved a most exquisite, one might say heavenly piece of purely vocal harmony; the effect of its three beautifully alternating and blending four-part choirs (one of 1st, 2d, and 3d soprano and tenor, one mixed, and one of tenor and 1st, 2d, and 3d bass), was of something so serene, so pure and far above the world, that to hear it was to feel as one may when gazing up into the clear blue sky entirely rapt and lost. Shall it shake this testimony of soul and sense to be told that its beauty is "staid and formal," and that it has but "the interest which attaches to a curiosity?" Mozart's *Ave Verum* is a well-known gem and model of a more sensuous kind of four-part composition; never had we heard it sung so perfectly before. (Mr. G. W. Sumner took the piano, and Messrs. Allen, Akeroyd, Heindl, and Fries the string accompaniments.) Rheinberger's "May Dew" chorus (words from Uhland), and Rubinstein's to

Heine's "Pine-Tree" dreaming of the Palm, are each instinct with fine imaginative feeling, — the music sensitively true to every thought and image of the words. These too were sung with rare grace and delicacy, and with true expression. The quaint, half sad, half playful Schubert chorus, "Laughing and Crying," closed the concert well. In the Thematic Catalogue we find it only as a song, — one of a set of four, which includes the ever beautiful "Du bist die Ruh'"; remote as possible from this in mood and character!

Mr. Osgood's song selections were of the choicest. The most important was that cycle of eight songs by Schumann, "Woman's Love and Life," which he was the first to sing to us three years ago. Hardly can we conceive of a more delicate or bolder undertaking either for the poet (Chamisso, represented on the programme by Baskerville's translation), or the composer, or the singer. The latter should by good rights be a woman, for the songs describe the most ideal, most absorbing, and most private experience of a woman's life: the first awakening of the tender passion, the worship of "the noblest among all," the dream of blissful union, the calling upon the sisters to help deck her for the wedding, the sad thought of parting from them, the new joy of maternity, and finally the grief of widowhood, the song of despair, like Thekla's "Ich habe gelebt und geliebt!" Schumann's music gives new inwardness and delicacy and fervor to the poetry, which is already remarkable for these qualities, and Mr. Osgood's singing, with Mr. Lang's accompaniment, was worthy of them both. The fervor of the interpretation was unaffected; there was none of the sentimentality which one shrinks from, and the entire expression was refined and chaste. The suite of Spring Songs was happily chosen out of Franz's inexhaustible garden, where the fresh wild flowers and birds of song appear to be perennial. He sang them all in German, while translations by himself and others were printed for the audience. The spirit and the charm of each were finely reproduced both in the singing and in Mr. Lang's accompaniment. The same may be said of the two fine songs by Rubinstein, so different in character, "The Page" ("There was a monarch olden"), a tragical and simple ballad about the "old, old story," and "As sings the lark," which soars to a pitch of uncontrollable ecstasy, in a breathless 12-8 rhythm, and returns to reason in two lines of common time. This last Mr. Osgood sang in English, with irresistible fervor and with powerful crescendo; more than any song it carried his audience away, and had to be repeated.

Of the instrumental numbers, the strangest and most novel, and in some respects most interesting, was the Quartet in B-flat by Saint-Saëns, for piano-forte, violin, viola, and 'cello. The Allegretto has a rather moody, fragmentary character, with a light and airy first theme, mostly in octaves, worked up later with a strong and nervous second theme in triplets, the piano-forte dealing largely in arpeggios. There is originality and brightness in it all. The Andante makes not at all the impression of an Andante on the hearer. For it is in the main a most willful, stubborn movement, full of angry bursts, and rushing, scouring blasts; it is only when occasionally in one or another instrument you hear a bar or two of evenly divided choral melody, that you perceive the movement to be Andante. It is a strange, wild, tempestuous thing. The third movement, a sort of 6-8 Scherzo, crisp and piquant, is genial and highly entertaining; but there is more of the madcap demoniacal than of the fairy fancy in it; what a sullen rage in that long cadenza of the violin, mostly in the

low tones, and every note *forzando*! The finale (Allegro) is a broad, rich movement, leading back into the theme of the Allegretto. Mr. Lang played the piano part superbly, and was ably supported by Messrs. Allen, Heindl, and Wulf Fries. Mr. Lang's interpretation of Liszt's "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude," was altogether admirable; yet we cannot, after repeated hearings, get over the feeling that the composition is somewhat vague and prolix, in spite of its undeniably serious and noble vein. The movement from the Rubinstein Trio was fine, but suffered from the excess of richness that preceded.

THE CECILIA, in its last concert (May 8) offered a thoroughly delightful entertainment to its usual crowd of associates and friends. It was nothing more nor less than the performance of Mendelssohn's entire music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with orchestra, female (fairy) chorus and solos, conducted by Mr. B. J. Lang, and with an admirable reading of the play by Mr. George Riddle, one of the teachers of elocution in Harvard University. This combination gave rare unity and life and charm to the work as a whole. The quality of Mr. Riddle's voice seems naturally light, but clear, elastic, musical, and sympathetic, and his physique is slender; yet he has somehow developed volume and power enough in it to bring out the tearing tragedy and bombast of Nick Bottom in a most palpable and humorous manner; indeed, one wondered how he could roar so much and have any voice at all left for the stately speech of Theseus, the quarrels of Titania and Oberon, the light, delicate, and tricky humor of Puck (which he gave delightfully), and for such marked, true contrast as he made between nearly all the several characters, both farcical and serious and fairy-like. He read, too, with an evident appreciation of all the musical effects; and, as the orchestra was commonly quite up to the mark, and played with just light and shade and proper phrasing, the fitting together of the reading and the picturesque little snatches of "incidental music" was really exquisite. The set orchestral pieces too, — the Overture, Scherzo, Intermezzo, Wedding March, etc., — were beautifully played. Is the boy yet born, perhaps, in this America, who, as boy or man, will give us such an Overture as that? The work for the Cecilia Club itself was slight, being confined wholly to the ladies, and only two songs with chorus for them, namely, "Ye spotted snakes," and that in which the fairies bless the house at the happy conclusion. These choruses were sung most charmingly, as were the song parts by Mrs. Hooper and Miss Gage. Of all the readings with the music of the Mendelssohn-Shakespeare fairy play that we have had, this as a whole was much the most successful.

The fourth Annual Festival of (Episcopal) Parish Choirs took place on Wednesday evening, May 14, and for the first time in the Music Hall. The choirs of twenty-five churches of Boston and its vicinity completely covered the extended platform; and the sonorous mass was very powerful, the voices of the several boy choirs making themselves extremely prominent. Yet there were many sweet and pure, as well as blatant, voices among the boys, and three or four of them, who took part in solos or quartets, sang very beautifully. Mr. S. B. Whitney conducted the performances with marked ability; and Mr. J. C. Warren officiated as organist, generally well, but as it seemed to us with too much fondness for the roar of the full organ; this we felt particularly in the long voluntary while the audience were assembling. Considering what heterogeneous materials had been brought together, without much rehearsal together, the chorus singing was for the

most part creditable and quite effective. Could the boy force be tamed down considerably, and more light and shade be introduced throughout, the result would be still better.

The selections on the programme indicated what we presume to be the real object of these festivals, namely, to raise the artistic standard of the musical portion of the church service; to supplant the commonplace and dry, the namby-pamby, sentimental, shallow compositions which have been so much in vogue, by others of more dignity and true expression, conceived and executed in the spirit of true art as well as piety. To a considerable extent this programme realized the aspiration, but not altogether. It was as follows:—

Hymn, "Forth to the fight, ye ransomed," John Heywood.  
Te Deum Laudamus . . . . . C. E. Stephens (in C).  
Hymn, "Come unto me, ye weary" . . . . . Rev. J. B. Dykes.  
Anthem, "Oh, taste and see how gracious the Lord is" . . . . . A. S. Sullivan.  
Anthem, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem" . . . . . E. J. Hopkins.  
Hymn, "O Sacred Head, now wounded," . . . . . Hans Leo Hassler.  
Cantate Domino . . . . . Sir John Goss (in C).  
Anthem, "He that shall endure" . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Tenth selection of Psalms (S. B. Whitney (in F).  
G. A. McFarren (in A).  
Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley (in E).  
Benedic, anima mea . . . . . J. C. D. Parker (in E).  
Anthem, "God hath appointed a day," . . . . . Berthold Tours.  
Anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd" . . . . . Henry Smart.  
Hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee" . . . . . A. S. Sullivan.  
Anthem, "Sing Praises unto the Lord" . . . . . C. Gounod.

The first three numbers hardly rose above commonplace. Mr. Sullivan's Anthem has something more like musical invention; and that which succeeded it, by the accomplished organist of the Temple Church in London, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, seemed to us to come still nearer to the idea of chaste and sound religious music. It was strange, and not particularly edifying to hear the profoundly beautiful and tender Lutheran hymn, "O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden," sung with Hassler's harmony, when it has been harmonized so wonderfully, as we all heard in the Passion Music on Good Friday, by Sebastian Bach; the performance, too, was rather loud and coarse. The *Cantate Domino* (in unison), by Sir John Goss, was of a brilliant and inspiring character. Of course Mendelssohn's "He that shall endure," from *Elijah*, was *facile princeps* among these choral works.

The Psalm chanting, which began the second part, by its monotonous reiterations of the same short sentence, appeared out of place in a concert, where art, not ritual, ought to reign. Mr. Parker's *Benedic, anima mea*, was decidedly one of the best things of the whole, and gave general satisfaction; clear and strong and musician-like throughout, it is very happy in its fugal close. The anthem by Berthold Tours, full chorus alternating with double quartet of boys and men, was on the whole interesting and striking, though perhaps somewhat rambling and indefinite in form. The rest we were obliged to lose. On the whole, we should think these festivals might be efficacious in bringing about a great reform in the music of the church they represent; nor would the influence be limited to one communion.

**APOLLO CLUB.**—The third pair of concerts of the eighth season took place in the Boston Music Hall on the evenings of the 15th and 20th inst. For both there was the usual crowded and enthusiastic audience, and on both occasions the splendid body of finely trained male voices, full of *esprit de corps*, seemed, if that were possible, to surpass their best previous instances of well-nigh perfect execution. It is hardly worth the while to point out wherein this or that special piece was a shade more or less felicitous than

others. The first of these concerts had only the director's (Mr. Lang's) piano-forte accompaniment, highly effective so far as that could go. This was the programme:—

Night on the Ocean . . . . . Brambach.  
(With piano accompaniment.)  
"Hail, Smiling Morn" . . . . . Spofforth.  
Piano-forte quintet in E-flat . . . . . Schumann.  
Allegro brillante.  
(Played by Mr. Lang, Mr. Allen, Mr. Akeroyd, Mr. H. Heindl, and Mr. W. Fries.)  
Absence . . . . . Hatton.  
Rhine-Wine Song . . . . . Liszt.  
(With piano accompaniment.)  
Spring Matins, Op. 67 . . . . . Franz Behr.  
For tenor solo, quartet, and chorus.  
(The solo sung by Mr. J. C. Collins, the quartet by Mr. Want, Mr. Chubbuck, Mr. Harlow, and Mr. Babcock; with piano accompaniment.)  
Evening Scene . . . . . Debois.  
Piano-forte quintet, in E-flat . . . . . Schumann.  
Finale.  
Serenade — "Slumber, dear one" . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Song, "Ho, pretty page" . . . . . B. J. Lang.  
(The words from Thackeray's poem.  
(Song by Mr. J. F. Winch.)  
Hunting Song . . . . . Abt.  
Morning . . . . . Rubinstein.  
(With piano accompaniment.)

The two noblest choral pieces were those at the beginning and the end, especially that by Rubinstein, "Morning," whose elaborate piano-forte prelude and accompaniment suggested the intended orchestral instrumentation which it afterwards received. The two brilliant things were the once well-worn glee by Spofforth, which renewed its youth, sung with such precision, yet such spirit and abandon, and Liszt's fiery Rhine-wine song, — a kind of thing in which Liszt is wont to be peculiarly happy and original. Abt's "Hunting Song" is brilliant, too, but comparatively commonplace. The tender, sentimental strains by Hatton and Debois called for and received the most refined and delicate expression, and of course won their way to the common heart. "Spring Matins," by Franz Behr, is an elaborate composition of considerable beauty, but hardly such as haunts one when the sounds have ceased. The Mendelssohn Serenade is one of the most sincerely musical and inward of his for a long time unrivalled part-songs.

Mr. Lang's setting of Thackeray's "Ho, pretty page," catches and reproduces the fine pathetic humor of the verses, and is a fresh, genial, fascinating bit of music. As sung by Mr. Winch it took the audience almost off their feet, and had to be repeated. The two movements from Schumann's Quintet, capably well played as they were, could not, of course, sound there as they do in a smaller room; the piano-forte tells well enough, but the strings, having to bear on so hard to overcome the great space, sounded somewhat dry and forced; yet all was clear; and the warm reception of such instrumental chamber music by an Apollo audience was a cheerful sign of progress.

The last concert had the great advantage of a full orchestral accompaniment in seven of its twelve numbers. These were: (1) Brambach's "Night on the Ocean;" (2) Recitative and Air from Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," sung by J. F. Winch (for these two we arrived too late, thanks to apple-blossom season and the open horse-cars); (3) Chorus of Dervishes from the *Ruins of Athens*; (4) The Roman "Song of Triumph," by Max Bruch; (5) Vintagers' Song, from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; (6) "Morning," by Rubinstein. Besides which, the orchestra also played Beethoven's Turkish March, and two movements (Scherzo and Andante) from Gade's first (C minor) Symphony. In all the orchestra, with Mr. Allen as *Vorgeiger*, won the general approbation. Rubinstein's "Morning" gained immensely by such accompaniment; the instrumentation in itself proved almost as interesting

as a Symphony, and the work as a whole is one of his most genial, original, and strong creations. The other numbers repeated from the former concert, without orchestra, were "Hail, smiling Morn," Debois's "Evening Scene," Mendelssohn's Serenade, and Abt's Hunting Song. The new pieces were:—

(a.) Recitative and air from "The Prodigal Son," "Bring forth the Best Robe" . . . . . Sullivan.  
(Sung by Mr. J. F. Winch.)  
(b.) Chorus of Dervishes from the "Ruins of Athens," "Twas thou beneath thy sleeve-fold hiding" . . . . . Beethoven.  
(c.) Turkish March from the same work, for Orchestra . . . . . Beethoven.  
(d.) Song of Triumph . . . . . Max Bruch.  
(e.) Scherzo and Andante from the Symphony in C minor . . . . . Gade.  
(f.) Vintage Song from the "Loreley" . . . . . Mendelssohn.

Altogether this was a very richly varied, noble programme. Beethoven's Dervish Chorus was sung and played with the greatest verve and furor, and received with uncontrollable applause, which nothing else except the equally wonderful, imaginative Turkish March could satisfy. Bruch's Song of Triumph, "Hail, O Caesar!" is something almost overwhelming in its martial and barbaric pomp, and its terrible suggestion of the blood-thirsty conquering crowd, the captives in procession and the lion hungry for them in the arena. How many times we might care to hear it we will not surmise; but there is startling power in it for once at least. The "Vintage Song" went capably, both orchestra and chorus.

This concert made a proud finale for another season of the Club.

We are still in arrears with our record as to numerous concerts, including that of Miss Selma Borg, with her interesting programme of Finnish and other Northern music, old and modern, in which she herself conducted the orchestra. We must wait for room.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., APRIL 19. — The third and fourth concerts of the "Cecilia" took place on the evenings of March 18 and April 1, as follows:—

*Third Concert.*—Artists: Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, Soprano. Beethoven Quartette Club (Messrs. Allen, Akeroyd, Heindl, and Fries), and Messrs. Alex. Heindl, Contra Bass; Ernst Weber, clarinet; Paul Eltz, Bassoon; Edward Schormann, Horn. — Programme:—

Septet, First Part . . . . . Beethoven.  
Concert Aria. Op. 94, "Infelice" . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Violin Solos. (a.) Air (4th string) . . . . . Bach-Wilhelms.  
(b.) Gavotte in D. . . . . Viesteemps.  
Quintet, . . . . . Mozart.

For Clarinet and String Quartet.  
Songs: (a.) "Beauteous Cradle," . . . . . Schumann.  
(b.) "Why should I Wander" . . . . . Schumann.  
Quartet, No. 3 . . . . . Haydn.

Theme and Variations (Austrian Hymn).  
Song, "The Chorister," . . . . . Sullivan.  
With accompaniment of Piano, Violin, and 'Cello.

Septet, Second Part . . . . . Beethoven.  
*Fourth Concert.*—Artists: Mr. M. W. Whitney, Bass; Mr. William Sherwood, and Mr. H. G. Hanchett, Pianists. The Beethoven Quartette Club with Mr. Alex. Heindl, in the place of Mr. Fries, who was necessarily absent. Programme:—

Concerto, No. 1, C minor . . . . . Bach.  
For two Pianos and String Quartet.  
Allegro, Adagio, Rondo.

Aria, "Per questa bella mano" . . . . . Mozart.  
Piano Solos. (a.) Ballade in A-flat, Op. 47. . . . . Chopin.  
(b.) Toccata di Concerto, Op. 36 . . . . . Dupont.  
Mr. Sherwood.

Quartet, Op. 17, No. 3 in F . . . . . Rubinstein.  
Allegro Moderato ma con moto, — Scherzo,  
— Andante non troppo, Allegro Assai.

Songs. (a.) "A Rider through the Valley Rode," Franz.  
(b.) "The Two Grenadiers" . . . . . Schumann.  
Duet. Two Pianos, "Les Preludes," a Symphonic Poem . . . . . Liszt.

Song. "A Mariner's Home's the Sea" . . . . . Randegger.  
Selection from Quartet, Op. 18, No. 2. . . . . Beethoven.

Allegro molto quasi presto.  
The Septet is too well known either in its original form or in piano four-hand arrangements to require much notice. As a whole it was remarkably well given. The instruments blended finely. Instances of individual success may be mentioned in the case of Mr. Weber in the clarinet solo in the



Adagio; Mr. Schormann in the horn solo in the same movement, where his tone was particularly smooth, rich, and pure, and the crescendo very effective; Mr. Allen in the violin part; and Mr. Fries with the 'cello, especially in the Adagio and the Trio of the Scherzo. In the third variation of the Tema the contrasts between the two reeds, clarinet and bassoon, were very finely brought out by both artists. The phrasing was throughout that of artists; the lights and shades and the marks of expression, so numerous with Beethoven, were carefully observed.

The Quintet by Mozart is a work of sterling merit, but rarely heard, and is a fine specimen of his best style. The combination of instruments is a happy one; and the players were in full sympathy with one another. Mr. Weber's tone was especially fine; we have never heard a better; his execution was clear and his phrasing artistic.

The movement from the "Kaiser" Quartet was very acceptable. The beautiful hymn and its matchless variations will ever remain among the finest specimens and purest models of quartet writing. Haydn is always happy and genial even in his more sober moods.

Mr. Allen's solos were remarkably well rendered. We can never tire of the wonderful and inexpressibly beautiful air from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D; nor do we seriously object, as some have done, to Wilhelmj's arrangement. It makes a very effective solo piece, and besides brings the composition within the knowledge of many who would otherwise never make its acquaintance. We have heard Mr. Allen play this arrangement several times before, but think he surpassed any previous performance in the rendering he gave us this time. The accompaniment for muted strings formed a delicate yet sufficient background to the solo. The Gavotte by Viennetemps was a contrast to the Bach air, — quaint, in some places possibly a little ugly, — but full of the genuine gavotte spirit.

Mrs. Allen sang the trying and difficult "Infelex" with good success. We thought there might have been more dramatic fervor and passion in parts of it. The accompaniment must have been a very fair suggestion of the orchestra. There were eight instruments: quintet of strings, clarinet, horn, and bassoon. The two Schumann songs were delightfully given. But why alter two notes in the "Schöne Wiege"? How expressive Schumann's accompaniments are! Mr. Bonner played them in a thoroughly musician-like manner. In response to a hearty encore, Mrs. Allen sang Taubert's "My Darling was so Fair," the rendering of which does not seem capable of improvement. Sullivan's "Chorister" gave great pleasure. Gounod's "Serenade," was given as an encore.

The fourth concert opened with a concerto for two pianos and string quartet by Bach, which was entirely new to us. It is a strong work, and, to those who had, by a study of Bach in other works, come prepared for it, the composition must have proved a pleasant and profitable surprise. The opening Allegro is earnest and spirited. The Adagio, with a sort of 'cello obbligato, the rest of the strings pizzicato for the most of the time, is perhaps the best part of the work. Here it seems to us is the real "unendliche Melodie" so much talked of by the "School of the Future." All moves on so smooth and flowing and comes from a seemingly inexhaustible fountain. The Rondo was quite brilliant and brought the whole work to a fitting conclusion.

Mr. Sherwood's solos were rendered in a manner entirely consonant with his reputation. We were glad of the opportunity of hearing him after reading so much about him, and hearing so much from friends who had enjoyed his playing. His conception and rendering of the Chopin Ballade seemed to us very refined and poetical; although we have heard contrary views expressed. All agree that the execution was well-nigh perfect. The Dupont Toccata gave him a chance to exhibit his fine technique, besides being in itself a work of merit. The Chopin, however, seemed to us to be his work for that evening, leaving the Bach out of consideration.

The "Preludes," in the author's own arrangement, were given as well as it is possible to give orchestral music on a piano. The arrangement itself is superbly done; but the tone and coloring, both so important in a work of this kind, are unavoidably and necessarily lost. The work itself, too, seems out of place, no matter how well done, on such a programme. Why could they not have given us the Andante and Variations by Schumann, or the Chopin Rondo, works of much greater intrinsic merit than the "Preludes?"

The quartet playing was especially fine, though perhaps not better than at the previous concerts. The Rubinstein Quartet was a new work to us, and we must say we like it very much. It is throughout characteristic of its author, though reminding us now and then of Schumann. The opening Allegro was full of beautiful melody, soaring high in the first violin over the fine accompaniment of the other instruments. The Scherzo (we suppose this to be the title of the movement; it was accidentally omitted on the programme) was wild and rapid, interrupted by a beautiful passage of quiet harmony, after the manner of Schumann, then resuming its breathless haste and fury. The Andante was very much enjoyed. The writer overheard several remarks in its favor as we were passing out at the close of the concert. The impression was that it was the best part of the work. It was beautifully played. The finale was full of fire and vigor. The spirit of the composer seemed here almost to get the mastery of him; and at the close, which is very

brilliant, he seemed almost to need more instruments to express his thought. The work abounds in solo passages for the 'cello, which were finely rendered by Mr. Heindl.

The selection from Beethoven's quartet was a fitting close to the concert and the series. How many fine touches there are in that last movement! Beethoven must have been happy for a little while when he wrote that.

Mr. Whitney added much to the success of the occasion by his fine rendering of the songs. He was in splendid voice, and his selections were in thorough harmony with the rest of the programme. The Mozart Aria was splendidly given. The Franz song was entirely new, as was also the encore piece, "Swift fades the land I love." We never heard Mr. Whitney do better than he did in the "Zwei Grenadiere" of Schumann. It was simply magnificent. Words cannot describe it. Heine's poem means to us much more than it ever did before, and to accomplish such a result is praise enough for any artist.

The Sailor Song by Randegger and the encore, "It is no Dream" (author unknown to writer), completed the songs. It is needless to say both were given in Mr. Whitney's best style.

The "Cecilia" have given us as fine a series of concerts this season as it was ever our fortune to attend. In conclusion let us express the hope that the organization will be permanent, and that it will annually provide a series of concerts for the musical portion of the citizens of Providence as entertaining and instructive as has been that of the present season. The influence for good of such music cannot be estimated.

A. G. L.

NEWPORT, R. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17. — Frequent annual benefit concerts have been given by our resident musicians, but with one invariable result: "Profit and Loss" debit to "Cash." Mr. C. H. Jarvis has closed his interesting series of classical concerts with great eclat; he has proved himself this season to be fully entitled to be classed among the best artists of the period. Mr. S. T. Strang is playing a second series of Organ Recitals with more popular programmes, but his forte evidently is the classical style.

Gilmore's Band gave three concerts, with a meagre support from the public, notwithstanding the popular and high-priced artists assisting him. The Hess Opera Company presented Masset's "Paul and Virginia" for two nights, but it failed to make any impression owing mainly to the very indifferent rendering of the principal rôles by the soprano and tenor, whose voices seem to be entirely worn by excessive work. The composition is a fair specimen of French work of the period.

Mr. Carl Gaertner made an interesting exhibition of the studies of his pupils, and was warmly complimented for their skill. Mr. Richard Zeckner made a like occasion very enjoyable to his friends and admirers. Mr. J. Remington Fairbank produced, under great difficulties, his enlarged opera "Valerie," which, from causes apart from the quality of the music, which is good, made a *fiasco*. Great sympathy was felt and expressed for him.

The Peabody Orchestra, under Asger Hamerik, from Baltimore, gave two concerts on 14th inst., and were well received. Mme. Auerbach made a profound impression by her performance of Concerto, Op. 11, by Chopin, and Concerto in E-flat, by Beethoven, in which she was ably assisted by the orchestra, the accompaniments being played with more judgment and taste than within the recollection of

AMERICUS.

CHICAGO, MAY 16. As the season closes for the larger musical entertainments a number of piano-forte recitals, chamber concerts, and the yearly receptions of the leading teachers to their advanced pupils claim, not only our attention, but in many cases our sincere admiration. For these chamber concerts do much for the advancement of a love for the art, by showing that the noble compositions of the classical and worthy modern composers are within reach of the home life of the people. All culture should have its best encouragement within the home.

In this connection it pleases me to notice what has been done by a small club of sincere musicians during the past season toward familiarizing our people with the beautiful string quartets, quintets, and trios of the masters. Mr. Lewis (violin), Mr. Rosenbecker (violin), Mr. Eichsain (violin), Mr. Kurth (viola), and Miss Ingersoll (piano forte), compose the organization. The afternoon I heard them they gave the Trio of Schubert, Op. 100, Quartet No. 12 of Mozart, and a Quintet of Raff. They were assisted by Mrs. Stacy, who sang songs of Schubert, Rubinstein, and Randegger. The playing was very enjoyable, and indicated a sincere intention on the part of the performers to bring out the beauty of the music, as well as to give an honest interpretation of the composers' works. I am glad to state these concerts are to be continued another season, and I trust they will have the large circle of admirers they so richly merit.

On Monday evening last Miss Amy Fay began a series of three concerts, which gave the musical public an opportunity to hear her in an extended programme. At the first performance she had the assistance of Mme. Salvotti, vocalist, Miss Mantey, violinist, and a male quartet. Miss Fay played: Bourrée, in A minor, Bach; Gavotte, by Gluck; Des Abends, Schumann; Ballade, G minor, Chopin; "Spinning Song" from *Flying Dutchman*, Wagner — Liszt; and "Ländlerchen Reigen," by Kullak. At her second con-

cert she had the assistance of Miss Grace Hiltz, vocalist, Miss Mantey, and the Ladies' Quartette. Her important numbers were: Sonata in D, Op. 28, Beethoven; Impromptu, Op. 112, Schubert; with smaller selections from Mendelssohn, Liszt, Raff, Jensen, and an old Gigue by Hülser. It is with sincere regret that I cannot speak of Miss Fay's playing with that admiration which I had hoped to be able to express. From what I had heard of her accomplishments, her culture, and her splendid opportunity for study under the most celebrated masters of Europe, I had looked forward to hearing her with the expectation of great pleasure. While her playing in some of the numbers indicated the intelligent musician, on the whole her performance was disappointing. There was a lack of that repose, that balance of power that should stamp the performance of the great artist. In the Chopin Ballade her interpretation was hardly that of poetic character which the lovely music of this writer seems to demand; and, indeed, at times her playing was extremely faulty. In the second concert her playing was much better than before, and in the Beethoven Sonata, the Raff, and Liszt selections she did some brilliant work. The possession of a nervous organization may account for that lack of a full command of her powers, — so necessary to the success of a concert player. Without an adequate control it would be extremely difficult for even a person of remarkable talent and fine powers to win universal approbation as a public performer. Unfortunately Miss Fay played upon a very poor piano-forte of the Weber make, which was a serious drawback to a finished performance.

Last evening I had the gratification of hearing a piano-forte recital by Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, of Boston, who performed the following numbers: Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13, Schumann; Fantasia in C minor, Bach; Gigue of Mozart; Sonata by Scarlatti; Ballade, Op. 47, Etude, Op. 25, No. 7, and Polonaise, Op. 53, of Chopin; Barcarole, Op. 123, Kullak; "Wedding March," Grieg; "Dervish Chorus" of Beethoven, arranged by Saint-Saëns; "Mephisto Waltz," Liszt; Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, Liszt; and, with Mr. Lewis, the variations and finale from the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven. This recital was the first of a series of three, all of which present programmes of equal magnitude.

In the playing of Mr. Sherwood one recognizes at once the true artist. Possessing a seemingly faultless technique; a sympathetic touch, capable of every variety of expression, from the most delicate tenderness to extremely wonderful displays of power, he has everything to fit him to give splendid interpretations of the piano-forte works of the masters. Throughout the whole range of his programme, embracing as it did such a number of different and trying compositions, there was a uniform excellence of performance, while each work received that careful interpretation which only a conscientious artist could give. I have not heard the "Etudes Symphoniques" of Schumann more perfectly played since Rubinstein gave them. The grand finale came out with a wonderful power, while the contrasts in the music were displayed with a marked fidelity to the composer's intention. In the Polonaise of Chopin, Op. 53, he met the composer in his heroic mood, and gave a most enjoyable performance of this splendid work. The two long crescendos which occur in the composition were given with a better idea of gradations in tone than I have ever heard before. In the Etude he found this poetical composer in a more tender and delicate mood, and his interpretation was marked with great refinement. In the Liszt Rhapsodie, its weird effects, many contrasts, and wonderful difficulties were performed with astonishing brilliancy. Yet it seems to me that when the fire of youth has been tempered by a wider experience, and his talent has had time to ripen to its fullest perfection, there will be shades of a deeper feeling in his tone-painting than at present mark his interpretations, no matter how faultless they are in point of execution. Perhaps then some of the melodies of the old masters will be given with a hallowed feeling, and the soul of art may inspire him to greater tenderness. Of his other recitals in my next. C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., MAY 12. Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, gave three illustrated lectures here April 25 and 26, the topics and programmes of which I give below. The illustrations were played by Miss Lydia S. Harris, assisted by two of our local amateur singers, Mrs. A. W. Hall and Miss Lizzie Murphy, who did themselves credit.

First Lecture: Three Great Epochs. Illustrations. 1. The Old Classical. 1750:

Bach. Prelude and Fugue in C sharp; Gavottes in D and D minor.

Handel. Aria, "Angels ever Bright and Fair" (Mrs. A. W. Hall).

2. Classical. 1800.

Beethoven. Sonata, "Moonlight," Op. 27.

3. Modern Romantic. 1850.

Schumann. Fantasia Pieces, Op. 72. ("At Evening,"

"Soaring," "Why," "Whims.")

Mendelssohn. "Spring Song" (Mrs. A. W. Hall).

Chopin. Andante Spianato and Polonaise, Op. 22.

Liszt. Second Hungarian Rhapsody. (With Rivé Cadenza.)

Second Lecture: Modern Romantic School.

Bach. Prelude and Fugue in C minor. ("Clavier," No. 2.)

Schumann. Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13. (Theme, Variations I, II, III, VI, IX, and Finale.)

Chopin. Fantasia Impromptu in C sharp, Op. 66; Scherzo in B-flat minor, Op. 31.

Schumann. Romance in F-sharp, Op. 28; Novelette, in E, Op. 21, No. 7.

Liszt. Grand Polonaise Heroique Ein; Schubert's "Wanderer;" Gounod's "Faust."

Third Lecture: The Piano-forte as a Musical Instrument.

Beethoven. Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57.

Mendelssohn. Song, "The First Violet" (Miss Lizzie Murphy).

Beethoven. Concerto in C minor. (First movement with Reinecke's Cadenza.) Orchestral part on second piano by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews.

Chopin. Concerto in E minor, Op. 11.

Schumann. Song, "Er der herrlichste von allen" (Miss Lizzie Murphy).

Liszt — Wagner. 1812. "March from Tannhäuser."

Mr. Mathews's treatment of his topics was very clear and forcible, putting the salient points into the most compact and effective form, aiming mainly at giving the auditors the proper standpoint from which to listen. I found it a very rare pleasure to hear three such admirable programmes, accompanied by just the right sort and amount of comment and criticism; and I am sure these lectures and recitals had rare educational value.

Miss Harris is a pupil of Mr. Mathews, and has received hardly any instruction from any other teacher. Her fine, clear, powerful technique, her excellent phrasing, her style and interpretation, all give evidence that she has been carefully, thoroughly, and intelligently taught. She is, to be sure, a pupil of unusual gifts. I regard her, in fact, as possessing talent which is likely to give her a place among the very first pianists, and as being already a genuine artist, though not yet mature; but I know few teachers who could have done for her what Mr. Mathews has done in the comparatively short time during which she has taken lessons. It would require too much space to attempt to criticise her playing of particular compositions, but I will say that I found her playing of the most trying compositions on her programme quite as satisfactory as any of her work. For instance, the *Sonata Appassionata*, the *Etudes Symphoniques*, the *Liszt Polonaise in E*, and the *E minor Concerto* of Chopin, she played in a way which I think would have won hearty applause and encouragement from the composers themselves. In sober truth, I think there are very few professional pianists in this country who could have given three such programmes in so thoroughly interesting, artistic, and sincere a way. At least, few such pianists visit Milwaukee.

The 2624 concert of the Musical Society had for its programme the symphony from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and about half of Friedrich Kiel's oratorio *Christus*. The latter is a very learned and skillfully written work, but I have not been able to find a trace of genius in it. The chorus did it respectably, but not finely. There is always a lack of precision in the singing of this chorus, and a general slouchiness, which betokens imperfect discipline. It is strange, that with the example of the Ariou Club before their eyes, they should actually go into a concert with so difficult a work as *Christus*, after only four rehearsals under the director's baton, at two of which hardly more than half the singers were present. At the ordinary rehearsals the conductor plays the piano, and the singers look at their music. Of course when the conductor does begin using his stick it is too late to get control of his forces. The result is a lamentable absence of precision and vigor in attack, and of clearness in outline. I am glad to be able to add that the performance of the Symphony was the most finished playing I have yet heard from this orchestra.

Prof. Mickler was presented with two beautiful baskets of flowers and a silver laurel wreath, an attention due, I suppose, to the fact that he is about to withdraw from his post of director.

J. C. F.

#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

LONDON. The *Academy* (May 10), says: "The novelties at last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert were, as so frequently happens, placed at the end of the programme; but on this occasion no ground is afforded for animadversion, inasmuch as the concert was commendably brief. Wagner's *Siegfried-Idyll* for orchestra was written in 1871, when the poet-composer was engaged on the *Nibelungen* tetralogy. The circumstance of its composition was kept a profound secret from Mme. Wagner until her birthday, when she was serenaded with the work, the performers being placed on the staircase of Wagner's residence at Trielichen. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that the score is but small, containing only one flute, one oboe, two clarinets, one bassoon, two horns, one trumpet, and strings; and it would be unfair to judge of the composition as other than a *pièce d'occasion*. Considered thus it is a charming little work, and is valuable as showing what so consummate a master of orchestration as Wagner can accomplish with but limited means. Of the four themes, three are taken from the magnificent love-duet in the third act of *Siegfried*, and the fourth is an old German Wiegenslied, 'Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.' These themes are blended very expressively, the character of the piece being dreamy and meditative throughout, and suggestive rather of delicate tenderness than vigor. The *Spring* overture of Goetz cannot be considered one of his best productions. The ideas are not re-

markable for freshness, and the treatment seems labored rather than spontaneous. The work was not deemed worthy of any comment or analysis in the programme. Beethoven's Symphony in F, and Mendelssohn's piano-forte concerto in D minor, — the last-named work played by Mme. Montigny-Remaury, — completed the list of instrumental items. The vocalists were Mdlle. Friedländer — who appeared in place of Frau Schuch-Proska — and Mr. W. T. Carleton, a baritone with an excellent voice."

UNDER the title of *The Story of Mozart's Requiem*, Dr. W. Pole has just published (Novello, Ewer & Co.) a most interesting little book containing the whole of the ascertained facts as to the much-disputed authenticity of this remarkable work. The whole narrative is so extraordinary as to read more like a romance than a history; yet Dr. Pole has stated nothing which cannot be clearly established. All musicians who have studied the subject will agree in the conclusions at which the author arrives. Dr. Pole's style is extremely clear, and the book is a thoroughly readable one, and will interest others besides professional musicians. A fac-simile of the first page of Mozart's autograph gives additional value to the little volume.

THE *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* announces that Johannes Brahms has set portions of Ossian's *Fingal* for chorus and orchestra. The appearance of the work will be awaited with interest, for such a subject would doubtless be especially congenial to the composer.

M. GOUNOD, the composer, says that he makes it a principle not to trouble himself about works that are once finished, and to absorb himself entirely in those which are in course of execution. He declares that his opera of *Heloise et Abelard* is an incarnation of the most exalted philosophical and religious ideas. Though a Roman Catholic, Gounod is said to be a great admirer of the German Reformation, and he intends his *Abelard* to personify the struggle of conscience against the laws of the Church and the defense of the rights of spiritual liberty and civilization. The culminating point of the action of the opera is in the fourth act, where *Abelard* burns his books under the eyes of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal. Then as he is returning home he is attacked in an obscure street and murdered. In the fifth act his ghost appears to *Heloise* surrounded by nuns in the cloister.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN and Mr. W. S. Gilbert are assuredly coming to this country in the autumn to attend to the production of their new comic opera. An entire company is to be formed in London for the representation of the piece. Mr. Gilbert will arrange all the details of stage management, and Mr. Sullivan will conduct the orchestra at the opening performance. — *N. Y. Tribune*.

MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD will hold a Normal Musical Institute at Canandaigua, N. Y., for five weeks this summer. Among his faculty will be Mme. Cappiani; Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, organist; Mr. W. Popper, 'cello; Mr. Harry Wheeler, vocal physiology; Mr. Narcisse Cyr, French language and literature; Mr. H. G. Hanchett, pianist and business manager.

CINCINNATI SAENGERFEST. — The twenty-first annual meeting of the North American Saengerbund will be held at Music Hall in this city, June 11th to the 15th, inclusive. Extensive preparations are being made to render it one of the most successful gatherings ever held in the United States. The chorus, which has been rehearsing for the past year in this and other cities, will number nearly 2,000 voices, each society having been subjected to a rigid examination before being admitted. The instrumental music will be furnished by the great organ and an orchestra of over 100 pieces, all under the leadership of Professor Carl Barus. The prominent choral numbers on the programme are the oratorio of *St. Paul*, Verdi's *Requiem Mass*, Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*, and selections from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, and Goldmark's *Queen of Saba*. The soloists engaged are as follows: Sopranos, Mme. Otto Alvensleben, of Dresden, Saxony, recommended by Carl Reinecke, Leipzig; Miss Emma Hecke, and Mrs. Flora Mueller; altos, Miss Emma Crane and Miss Louise Roltwagen; tenors, Mr. H. Alex. Bischoff and Christian Fritsch, of New York; baritone, Franz Remmert, of New York; basso, Myron W. Whitney, of Boston; organist, George E. Whitney. The societies taking part in the chorus are from Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Louisville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Columbus, and other Western cities.

VIENNA. The programme of the last Philharmonic Concert for the season comprised Schumann's overture to *Manfred*, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, a Prelude and Fugue by Hugo Reinhold, and Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major, played by Mdlle. Martha Remmert. Of the last-named work Dr. E. Hauslick writes in the *Neue freie Presse*: —

"The E-flat major Concerto exhibits Liszt as a composer in the most agreeable light. The piano was and is the true source whence he derives his most original and best qualities: for him the piano is what mother earth was to the mythological giant Antaeus. How little and almost unpretentious does this Concerto appear compared with the *Gran Mass* we recently heard, — and yet how much more complete in itself,

how much more true, more sterling, and more satisfactory it is! Here idea and form agree, and the means employed correspond with the clearly recognized goal. Even many a baroque and false little bit of ornament (as in the finale) seen under such mundane drawing-room illumination appears effective or at least acceptable. We here have Liszt in his best strength and in his best style; he may be allowed something apart and unusual in the department of which he is the modern ruler. But it is impossible to grant him the same privileges in the sacred style; the charter of a genial subjectivity is greatly restricted in the service of general devotion. Granted that Wagner's reforms are necessary and advantageous to opera — are they, therefore, necessarily so for sacred music? Even for minds with seven-league boots it is still a pretty good step from the Mount of Venus to Mount Calvary. It is frequently said as an excuse for certain village masses, remarkable for their want of intellect and originality, that God cares more for heart than for music. The same principle must apply to masses which suffer from a luxuriant surplussage of intellect and originality. The Almighty will assuredly be as highly pleased with the *Gran Mass* — since Liszt is said to have 'prayed rather than composed' it — as with the country masses of the most pious schoolmaster. We poor mortals of musicians would, it is true, prefer neither one nor the other. We believe, indeed, in our simplicity, that the E-flat major Concerto will outlive the *Gran Mass*. After the 'Ungarische Rhapsodien,' which we consider the best things Liszt has written — perhaps because he did not only 'compose' (and still less 'pray') but also play them — and, after these genial gypsy-pieces, we feel inclined to award the E-flat major Concerto the first place among his compositions. Since he has no longer unfortunately performed them himself, he has, by liberal instruction, taken care that young talent should learn to play them in his spirit, as far, at least, as teaching and learning will allow. But in how many cases of much-belauded 'young talent' can we perceive only the youth without the talent! Young pianists, female as well as male, from all parts of the world fly to Liszt, like swarms of wasps to a sweet tart. Every one who has tasted only a single atom of the latter immediately feels the holy spirit within him, and hums about the world an emollient insect, as 'a pupil of Liszt's' (second degree: 'a favorite pupil'), though the world most ungratefully fails to discover the slightest flavor of the wonderful tart. To the lady pianists who have really studied Liszt's style with advantage, belongs Mdlle. Martha Remmert. Of tall and vigorous figure, this young lady when at the piano is especially a 'Sturkstele-rin' ('strong player'), as people used to say in the days of Mozart and those of Beethoven. All the octave passages and chord leaps were so hammered and Remmerted that they were really quite grand. Fortunately, Mdlle. Remmert understands, also, the opposite; in the piano passages she possesses the art of fluttering lightly and softly over the keys. We can conscientiously praise her, though we hope she will in time gain repose and natural feeling; her rendering of the Concerto was brilliant, but not free from affectation; any one not hearing the latter night, at any rate, see it in numerous especially genial tactical processes. She was tumultuously applauded and repeatedly recalled."

"Cherubino," of the London *Figaro*, writes (May 10): "I have before me the outline programmes for the forthcoming Birmingham Musical Festival, and I must confess they show a serious falling off from the schemes of days gone by. They include, for the morning of August 26, *The Elijah*; for the evening, Max Bruch's 'The Lay of the Bell,' and a miscellaneous concert; August 27, morning, Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*; evening, a miscellaneous concert and a Symphony; August 28, morning, *The Messiah*; evening, M. Saint-Saens' 'The Lyre and the Harp,' and a miscellaneous selection; and August 29, morning, Cherubini's 'Requiem,' and Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang'; and evening, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. That this scheme, superior as it is to those of the ordinary run of Musical Festivals of the present day, is worthy of Birmingham, nobody will, I believe, be able to admit. The committee have, doubtless, found it difficult to induce a foreign musician of eminence to write a new work for Birmingham; and they seem, when they were rebuffed by the chief foreign composers, to have sat down in their chairs and to have resigned themselves to their hard fate. Recollecting the failure of their attempt to bring into further prominence the work of a fashionable songwriter, they fancied that the race of British composers was bounded on the north and south by aristocracy, on the east by opulence, and on the west by patronage, entirely forgetting that we have amongst us a band of able, if not very wealthy, art workers who, had Birmingham the courage to afford them the opportunity, would be able to give a very good account of themselves against any of their foreign competitors. The fact is that Birmingham, politically one of the most democratic of towns, is, as to its festival, one of the most finically exclusive."

THE four days' musical festival at Pittsburgh will begin May 28. The *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and Verdi's *Requiem* will be sung, and in addition there will be an afternoon concert, in which the children of the public schools will take part. The following quartet of soloists is engaged: Miss Abby Whinnery, Miss Ita Welsh, Mr. William Courtney, and Mr. M. W. Whitney.



